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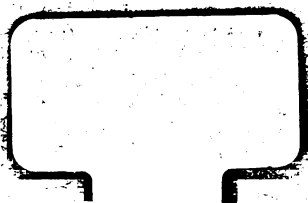
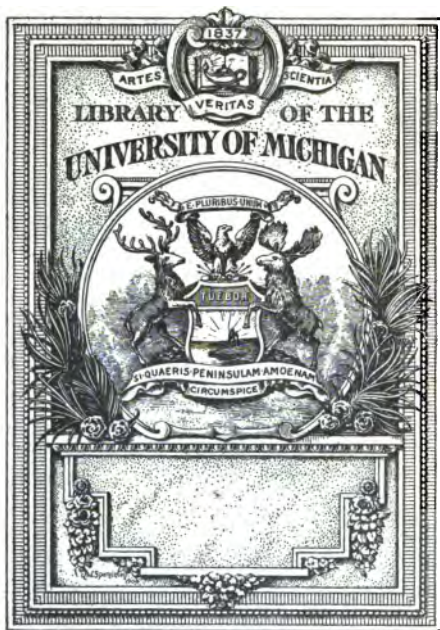
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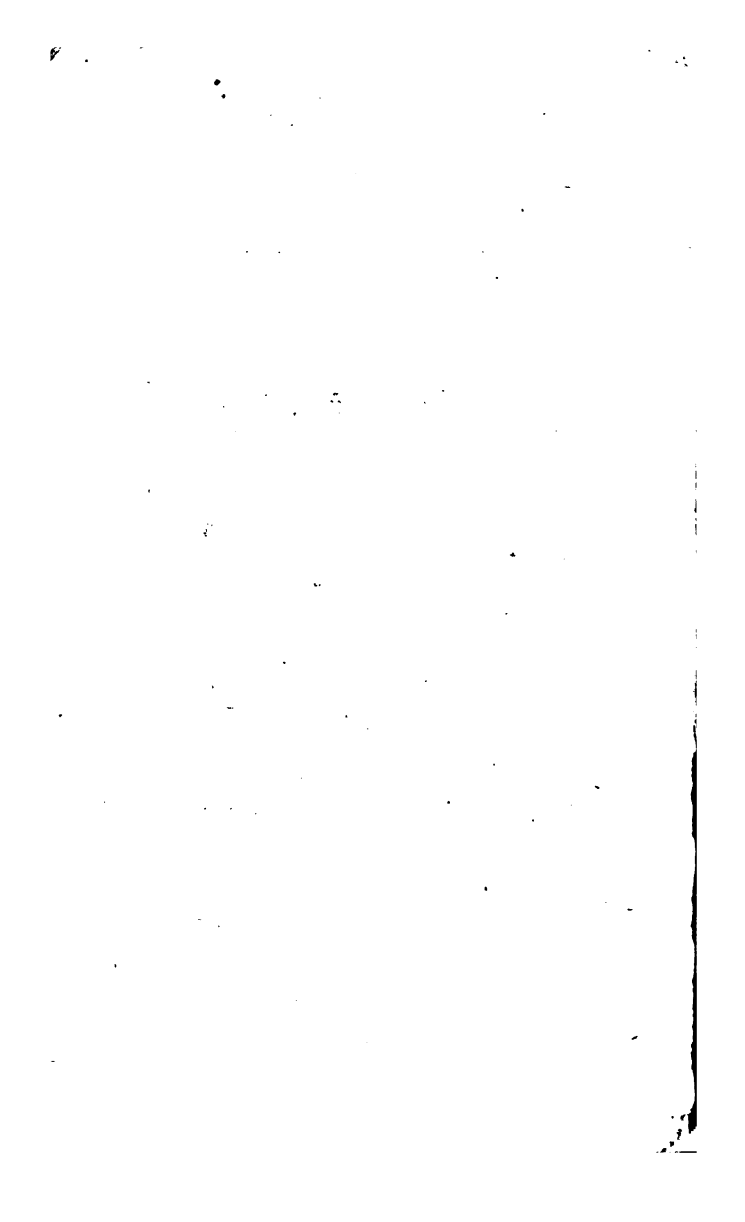
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AIRS OF PALESTINE

A  
ROSE

(B)

J. PIERPONT ESQ.



# AIRS OF PALESTINE;

*col*  
*10*  
A Poem:

97283

BY JOHN PIERPONT, Esq.

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I love to breathe where Gilead sheds her balm ;  
I love to walk on Jordan's banks of palm ;  
I love to wet my foot in Hermon's dews ;  
I love the promptings of Isaiah's muse :  
In Carmel's holy grotts I'll court repose,  
And deck my mossy couch with Sharon's deathless rose.

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THIRD EDITION—REVISED.

BOSTON :

PUBLISHED BY WELLS AND LILLY.

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1817.

DISTRICT OF MARYLAND, SS.

**BE IT REMEMBERED**, That on this thirteenth day of November, in the forty-first year of the Independence of the United States of America, John Pierpont, Esquire, of the said District, hath deposited in this Office, the Title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as author, in the words following, to wit:—

*"Airs of Palestine; a Poem: by John Pierpont, Esquire.*

"I love to breathe where Gilead sheds her balm;  
"I love to walk on Jordan's banks of palm;  
"I love to wet my foot in Hermon's dews;  
"I love the promptings of Isaiah's muse:  
"In Carmel's holy grots I'll court repose,  
"And deck my mossy couch with Sharon's deathless rose."

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned," and also to the act, entitled "An act, supplementary to an act, entitled an act, for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned," and extending the benefits thereof, to the arts of designing, engraving and etching historical and other prints.

PHILIP MOORE,  
*Clerk of the District of Maryland.*



## AUTHOR'S PREFACE

TO THE

THIRD EDITION.

THE following poem was written in the cause of charity. It was intended, that the recitation of it should form a part of the performances of an evening concert of Sacred Musick for the benefit of the poor. It was indeed a volunteer in the cause;—but its aid was coldly received, or rather, was coldly declined wherever it made its trembling advances; and it was thus stung into the resolution of appearing before the publick, not indeed to solicit the succour of charity for others, but the rites of hospitality for itself.

From a call for a third edition, so soon after the publication of the first, I have a right to infer, that the offering which I have been thus in a measure compelled to lay upon the altar of literature, is attended with favourable omens;—that the birds fly and the thunders roll auspiciously.

To say that this is not flattering, is what I shall avoid, for two reasons. In the first place it would be false; and in the second, it would be a contemptible affectation of modesty, which I neither feel, nor am solicitous to feel; and of a contempt of publick approbation, to which no man who deserved it was ever indifferent. On the contrary I have considered that this generous treatment from the publick has imposed upon me an obligation to revise the poem, and render it less unworthy of the notice with which it has been honoured.

I have availed myself of all the liberal critical notices that I have seen, to improve those passages that were obviously obnoxious to manly and honourable criticism, and to fortify those points which, in my own opinion, were most vulnerable. But where there has been a difference of opinion between the critick and the author, the former has the satisfaction of seeing the assailable points still open to his attacks. It would indeed be a pity to deprive him of a subject for the exercise of his ingenuity;—and the critick is the last man in the republick of letters whom I would wish to hear exclaiming with the noble Moor,

“Othello’s occupation’s gone.”

## PREFACE.

v

Not that I have the vanity to suppose all good cause of offence removed from the critical eye. My own has detected many that have not been pointed out by others ;—but it is one thing to discover an imperfection, and another to remove it.

The double rhymes I have, in most instances where they occurred, suffered to remain : though they have been complained of I believe by the majority of criticks, and perhaps by the majority of the publick : though, on the other hand, they have met the decided approbation of many, whose taste, in matters of this sort, is entitled to high consideration. They were admitted for two reasons. In the first place, as I have before observed, the poem was begun and ended with the idea that it would be publickly rehearsed ;—and I was aware how difficult even a good speaker finds it, to recite the best heroick poetry for any length of time, without perceiving in his hearers the somniferous effects of a regular cadence. The double rhyme was therefore occasionally thrown in, like a ledge of rocks in a smoothly gliding river, to break the current which, without it, might appear sluggish, and to vary the melody which might otherwise become monotonous.

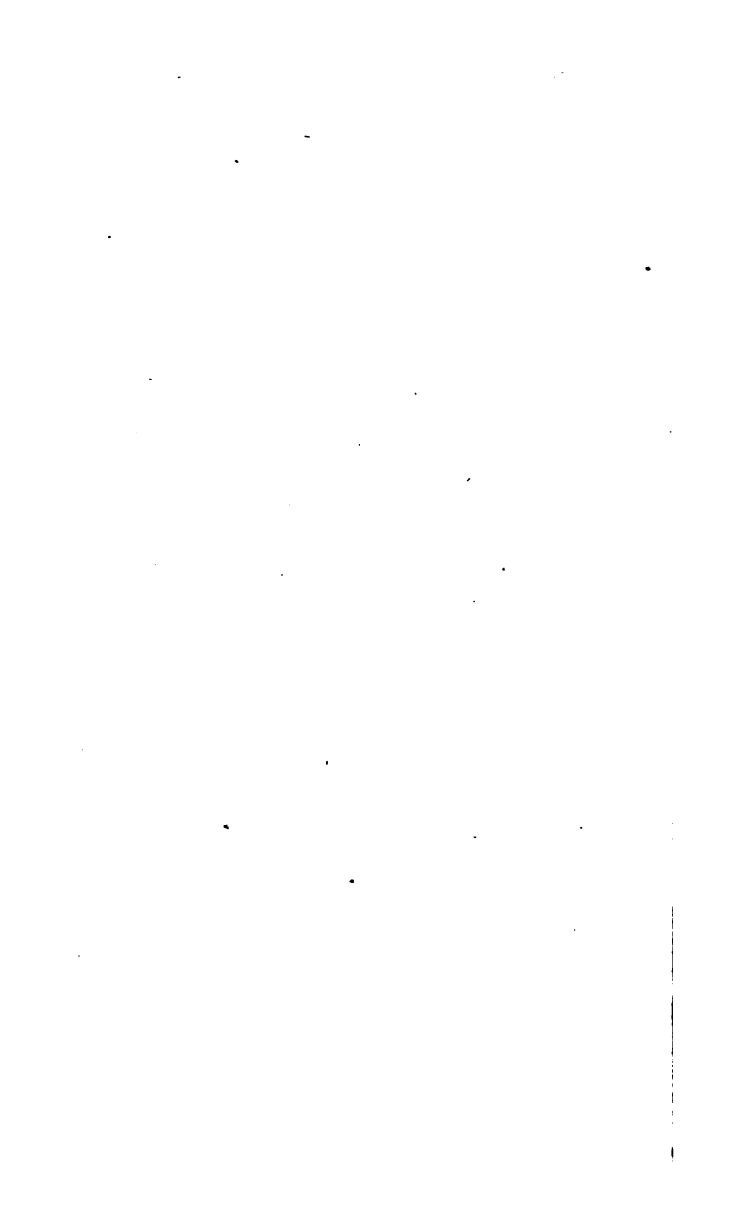
The other reason which operated in favour of the double rhyme was merely auxiliary to my general purpose, which was an attempt to enlist the muses in the service of their oldest and firmest friends, virtue and religion. I was aware that they have been for some time past, in the habit of sporting in a more free and unrestrained measure than was allowed them, when upon sacred ground, under the more rigid discipline of Dryden and Pope. I thought it possible, therefore, that their votaries might not recognise them in the company of their old and venerable patroness, if they were compelled to move in right lines and perpendicular postures, laced up in the whalebone, and muffled in the buckram in which christianity has been almost in all ages disfigured and disguised by the starched and inflexible religionist. If there be grace in these movements, and grace which does not violate either delicacy or dignity, let the muses adopt them, even in the train of virtue:—and if a flower is springing up on the margin of the poetical *liberties*, I hope I may be excused in stepping one foot over to pluck it.

If, however, the double rhyme is never either beautiful or harmonious, and it shall be so decided by the publick taste, I shall only have failed

in an experiment which was worth making, and must plead the design with which it was made, in mitigation of the severity of the censure. It is now more difficult to alter the double rhymes than it was originally not to have written them, and till the publick disapprobation is distinctly expressed, they must remain as they are.

That I have succeeded entirely in all that I attempted, I do not even hope. If I have succeeded at all, I know it is to be attributed principally to the native charms of virtue and piety, when exhibited in a manner congenial to their own purity and simplicity: and I am sure it will tend to render my sleep of death peaceful and triumphant to know, that I have succeeded even partially in restoring to virtue the beauties of which dogmatists have plundered her;—and to religion the evidences of her claim to the love of the refined and the veneration of the learned—claims which have been withheld from her by the ignorance, or the arts, or the fanaticism of those, who arrogate to themselves the character of exclusively religious, while they are strangers to learning taste and refinement, and to the intimate friend of them all—Christian Charity.

Baltimore, Sept. 1817.



## AIRS OF PALESTINE.

---

**A**T the dun cloud that, slowly rising, holds  
The Summer tempest in its gloomy folds,  
Though, o'er the ridges of its thundering breast,  
The King of Terrours rides, and shakes his lightning  
crest,

Fearless we gaze, when those dark folds we find  
Fring'd with the golden light that glows behind.  
Sc, when one language bound the human race,  
On Shinar's plain, round Babel's mighty base,  
Gloomily rose the minister of wrath ;  
Dark was his frown, destructive was his path ;  
That tower was blasted by the touch of Heaven ;  
That bond was burst—that race asunder driven :  
Yet, round the Avenger's brow, that frown'd above,  
Play'd Mercy's beams—the lambent light of Love.  
All was not lost, though busy Discord hung  
Repulsive accents from each jarring tongue ;

All was not lost ; for Love one tie had twin'd,  
And Mercy dropp'd it, to connect mankind :  
One tie, whose airy filaments invest,  
Like Beauty's zone, the calm or stormy breast ;  
Wake that to action, rule of this the strife,  
And, through the mazy labyrinths of life,  
Supply a faithful clue, to lead the lone  
And weary wanderer to his Father's throne.

That tie is MUSICK. How supreme her sway !  
How lovely is the Power that all obey !  
Dumb matter trembles at her thrilling shock ;  
Her voice is echo'd by the desert rock ;  
For her, the asp withholds the sting of death,  
And bares his fangs but to inhale her breath ;  
The royal lion leaves his desert lair,  
And, crouching, listens when she treads the air ;  
And man, by wilder impulse driven to ill,  
Is tamed, and led by this Enchantress still.  
Who ne'er has felt her hand assuasive steal  
Along his heart—That heart will never feel.  
'Tis hers to chain the passions, sooth the soul,  
To snatch the dagger, and to dash the bowl  
From Murder's hand ; to smooth the couch of Care,  
Extract the thorns, and scatter roses there ;



Of Pain's hot brow to still the bounding throb,  
Despair's long sigh, and Grief's convulsive sob.  
How vast her empire! Turn through earth, through air,  
Your aching eye, you find her subjects there ;  
Nor is the throne of heaven above her spell,  
Nor yet beneath it is the host of hell.

To her, Religion owes her holiest flame :  
Her eye looks heaven-ward, for from heaven she came.  
And when Religion's mild and genial ray,  
Around the frozen heart begins to play,  
Musick's soft breath falls on the quivering light ;  
The fire is kindled, and the flame is bright ;  
And that cold mass, by either power assail'd,  
Is warm'd—made liquid—and to heaven exhal'd.

Here let us pause :—the opening prospect view :—  
How fresh this mountain air!—how soft the blue,  
That throws its mantle o'er the length'ning scene !  
Those waving groves—those vales of living green—  
Those yellow fields—that lake's cerulean face,  
That meets, with curling smiles, the cool embrace  
Of roaring torrents, lull'd by her to rest ;—  
That white cloud, melting on the mountain's breast :

How the wide landscape laughs upon the sky !  
How rich the light that gives it to the eye !

Where lies our path ?—though many a vista call,  
We may admire, but cannot tread them all.  
Where lies our path !—a poet, and inquire  
What hills, what vales, what streams become the lyre ?  
See, there Parnassus lifts his head of snow ;  
See at his foot the cool Cephissus flow ;  
There Ossa rises ; there Olympus towers ;  
Between them, Tempè breathes in beds of flowers,  
Forever verdant ; and there Peneus glides  
Through laurels, whispering on his shady sides.  
Your theme is Music :—Yonder rolls the wave,  
Where dolphins snatch'd Arion from his grave,  
Enchanted by his lyre :—Cithæron's shade  
Is yonder seen, where first Amphion play'd  
Those potent airs, that, from the yielding earth,  
Charm'd stones around him, and gave cities birth.  
And fast by Hæmus, Thracian Hebrus creeps  
O'er golden sands, and still for Orpheus weeps,  
Whose gory head, borne by the stream along,  
Was still melodious, and expired in song.  
There Nereids sing, and Triton winds his shell ;  
There be thy path—for there the Muses dwell.

No, no—a lonelier, lovelier path be mine :  
Greece, and her charms, I leave, for Palestine.  
There, purer streams through happier valleys flow,  
And sweeter flowers on holier mountains blow.  
I love to breathe where Gilead sheds her balm ;  
I love to walk on Jordan's banks of palm ;  
I love to wet my foot in Hermon's dews ;  
I love the promptings of Isaiah's muse :  
In Carmel's holy grotts I'll court repose,  
And deck my mossy couch with Sharon's deathless  
    rose.

Here arching vines their leafy banner spread,  
Shake their green shields, and purple odours shed ;  
At once repelling Syria's burning ray,  
And breathing freshness on the sultry day.  
Here the wild bee suspends her murmuring wing,  
Pants on the rock, or sips the silver spring ;  
And here—as musing on my theme divine,  
I gather flowers to bloom along my line,  
And hang my garland in festoons around,  
Enwreath'd with clusters, and with tendrils bound ;  
And fondly, warmly, humbly hope, the Power,  
That gave perfumes and beauty to the flower,

Drew living water from this rocky shrine,  
Purpled the clustering honours of the vine,  
And led me, lost in devious mazes, hither,  
To weave a garland, will not let it wither—  
Wond'ring, I listen to the strain sublime,  
That flows, all freshly, down the stream of time,  
Wafted in grand simplicity along,  
The undying breath, the very soul of song.  
Down that long vale of years are sweetly roll'd  
The mingled voices of the bards of old;  
Melodious voices! bards of brightest fire!  
Where each is warm, how melting is the quire!  
Yet, though so blended is the concert blest,  
Some master tones are heard above the rest.

O'er the cleft sea the storm in fury rides:  
Israel is safe, and Egypt tempts the tides:  
Her host, descending, meets a wat'ry grave,  
And o'er her monarch rolls the reflux wave.  
The storm is hush'd: the billows foam no more,  
But sink in smiles:—there's Musick on the shore.  
On the wide waste of waters, dies that air  
Unheard; for all is death and coldness there.  
But see! the robe that brooding Silence throws  
O'er Shur reclining in profound repose,

Is rent, and scattered, by the burst of praise,  
That swells the song th' astonish'd Hebrews raise.  
The desert wak'd at that proud anthem, flung  
From Miriam's timbrel and from Moses' tongue :<sup>1</sup>  
The first to Liberty that e'er was sung.

But if, when joy and gratitude inspire,  
Such high-ton'd triumph walks along the lyre,  
What are its breathings, when pale Sorrow flings  
Her tearful touches o'er its trembling strings ?

At Nebo's base, that mighty bard resigns  
His life and empire in prophetick lines.<sup>2</sup>—  
Heaven, all attention, round the poet bends,  
And conscious earth, as when the dew descends,  
Or showers as gentle, feels her young buds swell,  
Her herbs shoot greener, at that fond farewell.  
Rich is the song, though mournfully it flows :  
And as that harp, which God alone bestows,  
Is swept in concert with that sinking breath,  
Its cold chords shrink, as from the touch of death.  
It *was* the touch of death !—Sweet be thy slumbers,  
Harp of the prophet ! but those holy numbers,  
That death-denoting, monitory moan,  
Shall live, till Nature heaves her dying groan.

From Pisgah's top his eye the prophet threw,  
O'er Jordan's wave, where Canaan met his view.  
His sunny mantle, and his hoary locks  
Shone, like the robe of Winter, on the rocks.  
Where is that mantle?—Melted into air.  
Where is the prophet?—God can tell thee where.

So, on the brow of some romantick height,  
A fleecy cloud hangs hov'ring in the light,  
Fit couch for angels; which while yet we view,  
'Tis lost to earth, and all around is blue.

Who is that Chief, already taught to urge  
The battle stream, and roll its darkest surge,  
Whose army marches thro' retiring seas,  
Whose gory banner spreading on the breeze,  
Unfolds o'er Jericho's devoted towers,<sup>3</sup>  
And, like the storm o'er Sodom, redly lowers?  
The moon can answer; for she heard his tongue,  
And cold and pale o'er Ajalon she hung.<sup>4</sup>  
The sun can tell:—O'er Gibeon's vale of blood,  
Curving their beamy necks, his coursers stood,  
Held by that hero's arm, to light his wrath,  
And roll their glorious eyes upon his crimson path.



What mine, exploding, reads that smoking ground ?  
What earthquake spreads those smouldering ruins  
round ?

The sons of Levi, round that city, bear  
The ark of God, their consecrated care,  
And, in rude concert, each returning morn,  
Blow the long trump, and wind the curling horn.  
No blackening thunder smok'd along the wall :  
No earthquake shook it :—MUSICK wrought its fall.

The reverend hermit, who from earth retires,  
Freezes to love's, to melt in holier fires,  
And builds on Libanus his humble shed,<sup>s</sup>  
Beneath the waving cedars of his head ;—  
Year after year, with brighter views revolving,  
Doubt after doubt, in stronger hopes dissolving ;—  
Though neither pipe, nor voice, nor organ's swell,  
Disturb the silence of his lonely cell ;  
Yet hears enough, had nought been heard before,  
To wake a holy awe, and teach him to adore.  
For, ere the day with orisons he closes,  
Ere on his flinty couch his head reposes,  
A couch more downy in the hermit's sight,  
Than beds of roses to the Sybarite ;

As lone he muses on those naked rocks,  
Heaven's last light blushing on his silver locks,  
Amid the deep'ning shades of that wild mountain,  
He hears the burst of many a mossy fountain,  
Whose crystal rills in pure embraces mingle,  
And dash, and sparkle down the leafy dingle,  
There lose their liquid notes :—with grateful glow,  
The hermit listens, as the waters flow,  
And says there's Musick in that mountain stream,  
The storm beneath him, and the eagle's scream.

There lives around that solitary man,  
The tameless Musick, that with time began ;  
Airs of the Power, that bids the tempest roar,  
The cedar bow, the royal eagle soar ;  
The mighty Power, by whom those rocks were pil'd,  
Who moves unseen, and murmurs thro' the wild.  
What countless chords does that dread Being strike !  
Various their tone, but all divine alike :  
There, Mercy whispers in a balmy breath,  
Here, Anger thunders, and the note is death ;  
There, 'tis a string that soothes with slow vibration,  
And here, a burst that shakes the whole creation.

By Heaven forewarn'd, his hunted life to save,  
Behold Elijah stands by Horeb's cave ;



Griev'd that the God, for whom he'd warmly striven,  
Should see his servants into exile driven,  
His words neglected, by those servants spoken,  
His prophets murdered, and his altars broken.  
*His* bleeding heart a soothing strain requires :  
He hears it :—softer than *Æolian* lyres,  
“ A still, small voice, ” like *Zephyr's* dying sighs,  
Steals on his ear :—he may not lift his eyes,  
But o'er his face his flowing mantle flings,  
And hears a whisper from the King of Kings.<sup>6</sup>

Yet, from that very cave, from *Horeb's* side,  
Where spreads a desert prospect, wild and wide,  
The prophet sees, with reverential dread,  
Dark *Sinai* rear his thunder-blasted head ;  
Where erst was pour'd on trembling *Israel's* ear,  
A stormier peal, that *Moses* quak'd to hear.  
In what tremendous pomp *Jehovah* shone,  
When on that mount he fix'd his burning throne !<sup>7</sup>  
Thick, round its base, a shuddering gloom was flung  
Black, on its breast, a thundercloud was hung :  
Bright, through that blackness, arrowy lightnings  
came,  
Shot from the glowing vail, that wrapp'd its head in  
flame.

And when that quaking mount the Eternal trod,  
Scorch'd by the foot of the descending God,  
Then, blasts of unseen trumpets, long and loud,  
Swelled by the breath of whirlwinds, rent the cloud,  
And Death and Terror stalk'd, beneath that smoky  
shroud.

Seest thou that shepherd boy, of features fair,  
Of eye serene, and brightly flowing hair,  
That leans, in thoughtful posture, on his crook,  
And, statue-like, pores o'er the pebbly brook ?  
Yes : and why stands he there, in stupor cold ?  
Why not pursue those wanderers from his fold ?  
Or, mid the playful children of his flocks,  
Toss his light limbs, and shake his amber locks,  
Rather than idly gaze upon the stream ?—  
That boy is lost in a poetick dream :  
And, while his eye follows the wave along,  
His soul expatiates in the realms of song.  
For oft, where yonder grassy hills recede,  
I've heard that shepherd tune his rustick reed ;  
And then such sweetness from his fingers stole,  
I knew that Musick had possessed his soul.  
Oft, in her temple shall the votary bow,  
Oft, at her altar breathe his ardent vow,

And oft suspend, along her coral walls,  
The proudest trophies that adorn her halls.  
Even now, the heralds of his monarch tear  
The son of Jesse from his fleecy care,<sup>s</sup>  
And to the hall the ruddy minstrel bring,  
Where sits a being, that was once a king.  
Still, on his brow the crown of Israel gleams,  
And cringing courtiers still adore its beams,  
Though the bright circle throws no light divine,  
But rays of hell, that melt it while they shine.

As the young harper tries each quivering wire,  
It leaps and sparkles with prophetick fire,  
And, with the kindling song, the kindling rays  
Around his fingers tremulously blaze,  
Till the whole hall, like those blest fields above,  
Glow with the light of melody and love.

Soon as the foaming demon hears that psalm,  
Heaven on his memory bursts, and Eden's balm :  
He sees the dawns of too bright a sky ;  
Detects the angel in the poet's eye ;  
With grasp convulsive, rends his matted hair ;  
Through his strain'd eye-balls shoots a fiend-like glare.

And flies, with shrieks of agony, that hall,  
The throne of Israel, and the breast of Saul ;  
Exil'd to roam, or, in infernal pains,  
To seek a refuge from that shepherd's strains.

The night was moonless :—Judah's shepherds kept  
Their starlight watch : their flocks around them slept  
To heaven's blue fields their wakeful eyes were turn'd  
And to the fires that there eternal burn'd.  
Those azure regions had been peopled long,  
With Fancy's children, by the sons of song :  
And there, the simple shepherd, conning o'er  
His humble pittance of Chaldean lore,  
Saw, in the stillness of a starry night,  
The Swan and Eagle wing their silent flight ;<sup>10</sup>  
And, from their spangled pinions, as they flew,  
On Israel's vales of verdure shower the dew :  
Saw there, the brilliant gems, that nightly flare,  
In the thin mist of Berenicé's hair ;  
And there, Boötes roll his lucid wain,  
On sparkling wheels, along the ethereal plain ;  
And there, the Pleiades, in tuneful gyre,  
Pursue forever the star-studded Lyre ;  
And there, with bickering lash, heaven's Charioteer  
Urge round the Cynosure his bright career.

While thus the shepherds watch'd the host of  
night,

O'er heaven's blue concave flash'd a sudden light.  
The unrolling glory spread its folds divine,  
O'er the green hills and vales of Palestine ;  
And lo ! descending angels, hovering there,  
Stretch'd their loose wings, and in the purple air,  
Hung o'er the sleepless guardians of the fold :—  
When that high anthem, clear, and strong, and bold  
On wavy paths of trembling ether ran :  
“ Glory to God ;—Benevolence to man ;—  
Peace to the world : ”—and in full concert came,  
From silver tubes, and harps of golden frame,  
The loud and sweet response, whose choral strains  
Lingered and languished on Judea's plains.  
Yon living lamps, charm'd from their chambers blue,  
By airs so heavenly, from the skies withdrew :  
All ?—all, but one, that hung and burn'd alone,  
And with mild lustre over Bethlehem shone,  
Chaldea's sages saw that orb afar,  
Glow unextinguished ;—'twas Salvation's Star.

Hear'st thou that solemn symphony, that swells  
And echoes through Philippi's gloomy cells ?

From vault to vault the heavy notes rebound,  
And granite rocks reverberate the sound.  
The wretch, who long, in dungeons cold and dank,  
Had shook his fetters, that their iron clank  
Might break the grave-like silence of that prison,  
On which the Star of Hope had never risen ;  
Then sunk in slumbers, by despair opprest,  
And dream'd of freedom in his broken rest ;  
Wakes at the musick of those mellow strains,  
Thinks it some spirit, and forgets his chains.  
'Tis Paul and Silas ; who, at midnight, pay  
To Him of Nazareth a grateful lay.  
Soon is that anthem wafted to the skies :  
An angel bears it, and a God replies.  
At that reply, a pale, portentous light  
Plays through the air,—then leaves a gloomier night.  
The darkly tottering towers,—the trembling arch,—  
The rocking walls confess an earthquake's march,<sup>11</sup>—  
The stars look dimly thro' the roof:—behold,  
From saffron dews and melting clouds of gold,  
Brightly uncurling on the dungeon's air,  
Freedom walks forth serene :—from her loose hair,  
And every glistening feather of her wings,  
Perfumes that breathe of more than earth she flings,

And with a touch dissolves the prisoner's chains,  
Whose song had charm'd her from celestial plains.

'Tis night again : for Musick loves to steal  
Abroad at night ; when all her subjects kneel,  
In more profound devotion, at her throne :  
And, at that sober hour, she'll sit alone,  
Upon a bank, by her sequestered cell,  
And breathe her sorrows through her wreathed shell.  
Again 'tis night—the diamond lights on high,  
Burn bright, and dance harmonious through the sky ;  
And Silence leads her downy footed hours,  
Round Sion's hill, and Salem's holy towers.  
The Lord of Life, with his few faithful friends,  
Drown'd in mute sorrow, down that hill descends.  
They cross the stream that bathes its foot, and dashes  
Around the tomb, where sleep a monarch's ashes ;<sup>12</sup>  
And climb the steep, where oft the midnight air  
Received the Sufferer's solitary prayer.  
There, in dark bowers imbosomed, Jesus flings  
His hand celestial o'er prophetick strings ;  
Displays his purple robe, his bosom gory,  
His crown of thorns, his cross, his future glory :—

And, while the group, each hallowed accent gleaning,  
On pilgrim's staff, in pensive posture leaning—  
Their reverend beards, that sweep their bosoms, wet  
With the chill dews of shady Olivet—  
Wonder and weep, they pour the song of sorrow,<sup>13</sup>  
With their lov'd Lord, whose death shall shroud the  
morrow.

Heavens ! what a strain was that ! those matchless  
tones,

That ravish "Princedom, Dominations, Thrones ;"  
That, heard on high, had hush'd those peals of praise,  
That seraphs swell, and harping angels raise,  
Soft, as the wave from Siloa's fount that flows,  
Through the drear silence of the mountain rose.  
How sad the Saviour's song ! how sweet ! how holy !  
The last he sung on earth :—how melancholy !  
Along the valley sweep the expiring notes :  
On Kedron's wave the melting musick floats :  
From her blue arch, the lamp of evening flings  
Her mellow lustre, as the Saviour sings :  
The moon above, the wave beneath is still.  
And light and musick mingle on the hill.

The glittering guard, whose viewless ranks invest  
The brook's green margin, and the mountain's crest,



Catch that unearthly song, and soar away,  
Leave this dark orb, for fields of endless day,  
And round th' Eternal's throne on buoyant pinions  
play.

Ye glowing seraphs, that enchanted swim,  
In seas of rapture, as ye tune the hymn  
Ye bore from earth—O say, ye choral quires,  
Why in such haste to wake your golden lyres?  
Why, like a flattering, like a fleeting dream,  
Leave that lone mountain, and that silent stream?  
Say, could not then the "Man of Sorrows" claim  
Your shield of adamant, your sword of flame?—  
Hell forc'd a smile, at your retiring wing,  
And man was left—to crucify your King.

But must no other sweets perfume my wreath,  
Than Carmel's hill and Sharon's valley breathe?  
Are holy airs borne only through the skies,  
Where Sinai thunders, and where Horeb sighs?  
And move they only o'er Arabia's sea,  
Bethesda's pool, the lake of Galilee?  
And does the hand that bids Judea bloom,  
Deny its blossoms to the desert's gloom?  
No:—turn thine eye, in visionary glance,  
To scenes beyond old Ocean's blue expanse,

Where vast La Plata rolls his weight along,  
Through worlds unknown to science and to song,  
And, sweeping proudly o'er his boundless plain,  
Repels the foaming billows of the main.  
Let Fancy lap thee in Paraguay's bowers,  
And scatter round thee Nature's wildest flowers :  
For Nature there, since first her opening eye  
Hail'd the bright orb her Father hung on high,  
Still, on her bosom wears the enamelled vest,  
That bloom'd and budded on her infant breast ;  
Still, to the sportive breeze that round her blows,  
Turns her warm cheek, her unshorn tresses throws ;  
With grateful hand her treasur'd balm bequeaths,  
For every sigh the enamour'd rover breathes,  
And even smiles to feel the flutterer sip  
The virgin dew that cools her rosy lip.  
There, through the clouds, stupendous mountains rise,  
And lift their icy foreheads to the skies ;  
There, blooming valleys and secure retreats  
Bathe all thy senses in voluptuous sweets :  
Reclining there, beneath a bending tree,  
Fraught with the fragrant labours of the bee,  
Admire, with me, the birds of varied hue,  
That hang, like flowers of orange and of blue,  
Among the broad magnolia's cups of snow,  
Quaffing the perfumes, from those cups that flow.

But, is all peace, beneath the mountain shade?  
Do Love and Mercy haunt that sunny glade,  
And sweetly rest upon that lovely shore,  
When light retires, and nature smiles no more?  
No :—there, at midnight, the hoarse tiger growls :  
There, the gaunt wolf sits on his rock and howls :  
And there, in painted pomp, the yelling Indian  
prowls.

Round the bold front of yon projecting cliff,  
Shoots, on white wings, the missionary's skiff,  
And, walking steadily along the tide,  
Seems, like a phantom, o'er the wave to glide,  
Her light cymar unfolded to the breeze,  
That breaks not, tho' it moves, the mirror of the seas.

Lo, at the stern, the priest of Jesus rears<sup>14</sup>  
His reverend front, plough'd by the share of years.  
He takes his harp :—the spirits of the air  
Breathe on his brow, and interweave his hair,  
In silky flexure, with the sounding strings :—  
And hark !—the holy missionary sings.  
'Tis the Gregorian chant :—with him unites,  
On either hand, his quire of neophytes,  
While the boat cleaves its liquid path along,  
And waters, woods, and winds protract the song.

Those unknown strains the forest war-whoop hush :  
Huntsmen and warriors from their cabins rush,  
Heed not the foe, that yells defiance nigh,  
See not the deer, that dashes wildly by,  
Drop from their hand the bow and rattling quiver,  
Crowd to the shore, and plunge into the river,  
Breast the green waves, the enchanted bark that toss,  
Leap o'er her sides, and kneel before the cross :

Hear yon poetick pilgrim of the west,  
Chant Musick's praise, and to her power attest.<sup>15</sup>  
Who now, in Florida's untrodden woods,  
Bedecks, with vines of jessamine, her floods,  
And flowery bridges o'er them loosely throws ;—  
Who hangs the canvass where Atala glows,  
On the live oak, in floating drapery shrouded,  
That like a mountain rises, lightly clouded ;—  
Who, for the son of Outalissi, twines,  
Beneath the shade of ever whispering pines,  
A funeral wreath, to bloom upon the moss,  
That Time already sprinkles on the cross,  
Rais'd o'er the grave, where his young virgin sleeps,  
And Superstition o'er her victim weeps ;—  
Whom now, the silence of the dead surrounds,  
Among Scioto's monumental mounds ;

Save that, at times, the musing pilgrim hears  
A crumbling oak fall with the weight of years,  
To swell the mass, that Time and Ruin throw,  
O'er chalky bones, that mouldering lie below,  
By virtues unembalm'd, unstain'd by crimes,  
Lost in those towering tombs of other times ;  
For where no bard has cherish'd Virtue's flame,  
No ashes sleep in the warm sun of Fame.—  
With sacred lore, this traveller beguiles  
His weary way, while o'er him Fancy smiles.  
Whether he kneels in venerable groves,  
Or through the wide and green savanna roves,  
His heart leaps lightly on each breeze, that bears  
The faintest cadence of Idumea's airs.

Now, he recalls the lamentable wail,  
That pierc'd the shades of Rama's palmy vale  
When Murder struck, thron'd on an infant's bier,  
A note, for Satan's, and for Herod's ear.  
Now, on a bank, o'erhung with waving wood,  
Whose falling leaves flit o'er Ohio's flood,  
The pilgrim stands ; and o'er his memory rushes  
The mingled tide of tears, and blood, that gushes  
Along the valleys, where his childhood stray'd,  
And round the temples where his fathers pray'd.

How fondly then, from all but Hope exil'd,  
To Zion's wo recurs Religion's child !  
He sees the tear of Judah's captive daughters  
Mingle, in silent flow, with Babel's waters ;  
While Salem's harp, by patriot pride unstrung,  
Wrapp'd in the mist, that o'er the river hung,  
Felt but the breeze, that wanton'd o'er the billow,  
And the long, sweeping fingers of the willow.

And could not Musick sooth the captive's wo ?—  
But should that harp be strung for Judah's foe ?

While thus the enthusiast roams along the stream,  
Balanc'd between a revery and a dream,  
Backward he springs : and, through his bounding  
heart,

The cold and curdling poison seems to dart.  
For, in the leaves, beneath a quivering brake,  
Spinning his death-note, lies a coiling snake,  
Just in the act, with greenly venom'd fangs,  
To strike the foot, that heedless o'er him hangs.  
Bloated with rage, on spiral folds he rides ;  
His rough scales shiver on his spreading sides ;  
Dusky and dim his glossy neck becomes,  
And freezing poisons thicken on his gums ;

His parch'd and hissing throat breathes hot and dry ;  
A spark of hell lies burning on his eye :  
While, like a vapour, o'er his writhing rings,  
Whirls his light tail, that threatens while it sings.

Soon as dumb Fear removes her icy fingers,  
From off the heart, where gazing wonder lingers,  
The pilgrim, shrinking from a doubtful fight,  
Aware of danger, too, in sudden flight,  
From his soft flute throws Musick's air around,  
And meets his foe, upon enchanted ground.  
See ! as the plaintive melody is flung,  
The lightning flash fades on the serpent's tongue ;  
The uncoiling reptile o'er each shining fold  
Throws changeful clouds of azure, green and gold :  
A softer lustre twinkles in his eye ;  
His neck is burnished with a glossier dye ;  
His slippery scales grow smoother to the sight,  
And his relaxing circles roll in light.—  
Slowly the charm retires :—with waving sides,  
Along its track the graceful listener glides ;  
While Musick throws her silver cloud around,  
And bears her votary off, in magick folds of sound.

On Arno's bosom, as he calmly flows,  
And his cool arms round Vallombrosa throws,  
Rolling his crystal tide through classick vales,  
Alone,—at night,—the Italian boatman sails.  
High o'er Mont Alto walks, in maiden pride,  
Night's queen :—he sees her image on that tide,  
Now, ride the wave that curls its infant crest,  
Around his prow, then rippling sinks to rest ;  
Now, glittering dance around his eddying oar,  
Whose every sweep is echoed from the shore ;  
Now, far before him, on a liquid bed  
Of waveless water, rest her radiant head.  
How mild the empire of that virgin queen !  
How dark the mountain's shade ! how still the scene !  
Hush'd by her silver sceptre, zephyrs sleep  
On dewy leaves, that overhang the deep,  
Nor dare to whisper through the boughs, nor stir  
The valley's willow, nor the mountain's fir,  
Nor make the pale and breathless aspen quiver,  
Nor brush, with ruffling wing, that glassy river.


Hark !—'tis a convent's bell :—its midnight chime.  
For musick measures even the march of Time :—  
O'er bending trees, that fringe the distant shore,  
Gray turrets rise :—the eye can catch no more.



The boatman, listening to the tolling bell,  
Suspends his oar :—a low and solemn swell,  
From the deep shade, that round the cloister lies,  
Rolls through the air, and on the water dies.  
What melting song wakes the cold ear of Night ?  
A funeral dirge, that pale nuns, rob'd in white,  
Chant round a sister's dark and narrow bed,  
To charm the parting spirit of the dead.  
Triumphant is the spell ! with raptur'd ear,  
That uncaged spirit hovering lingers near ;—  
Why should she mount ? why pant for brighter bliss,  
A lovelier scene, a sweeter song, than this !

On Caledonia's hills, the ruddy morn  
Breathes fresh :—the huntsman winds his clamorous  
horn.

The youthful minstrel from his pallet springs,  
Seizes his harp, and tunes its slumbering strings.  
Lark-like he mounts o'er gray rocks, thunder-riven,  
Lark-like he cleaves the white mist, tempest-driven,  
And lark-like carols, as the cliff he climbs,  
Whose oaks were vocal with his earliest rhymes.  
With airy foot he treads that giddy height ;  
His heart all rapture, and his eye all light ;  
His voice all melody, his yellow hair  
Floating and dancing on the mountain air,



Shaking from its loose folds the liquid pearls,  
That gather clustering on his golden curls ;—  
And, for a moment, gazes on a scene,  
Ting'd with deep shade, dim gold, and brightening  
green ;

Then plays a mournful prelude, while the star  
Of morning fades :—but when heaven's gates unbar,  
And on the world a tide of glory rushes,  
Burns on the hill, and down the valley blushes ;  
The mountain bard in livelier numbers sings,  
While sunbeams warm and gild the conscious strings,  
And his young bosom feels the enchantment strong,  
Of light, and joy, and minstrelsy, and song.

From rising morn, the tuneful Stripling roves,  
Through smiling valleys and religious groves ;  
Hears there, the flickering blackbird strain his throat,  
Here, the lone turtle pour her mournful note,  
Till night descends, and round the wanderer flings  
The dew drops dripping from her dusky wings.  
Far from his native vale, and humble shed,  
By nature's smiles, and nature's musick led,  
This child of melody has thoughtless stray'd,  
Till darkness wraps him in her deep'ning shade.  
The scene he smil'd on, when array'd in light,  
Now lowers around him with the frown of night.

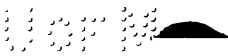
With weary foot the nearest height he climbs,  
Crown'd with huge oaks, giants of other times ;  
Who feel, but fear not autumn's breath, and cast  
Their summer robes upon the roaring blast,  
And glorying in their majesty of form,  
Toss their old arms, and challenge every storm.  
Below him, Ocean rolls :—deep in a wood,  
Built on a rock, and frowning o'er the flood,  
Like the dark Cyclops of Trinacria's isle,  
Rises an old and venerable pile :  
Gothick its structure ; once a cross it bore,  
And pilgrims throng'd to hail it and adore.  
Mitres and crosiers awed the trembling friar,  
The solemn organ led the chanting quire,  
When in those vaults the midnight dirge was sung,  
And o'er the dead, a *requiescat* rung.—  
Now, all is still :—the midnight anthem hush'd :—  
The cross is crumbled, and the crosier crush'd.  
And is all still ?—No : round those ruin'd altars,  
With feeble foot as our musician falters,  
Faint, weary, lost, benighted, and alone,  
He sinks, all trembling, on the threshold stone.  
Here nameless fears the young enthusiast chill :  
They're superstitious, but religious still.

He hears the sullen murmur of the seas,  
That tumble round the stormy Orcades,  
Or, deep beneath him, heave with boundless roar,  
Their sparkling surges to that savage shore ;  
And thinks a spirit rolls the weltering waves  
Through rifted rocks, and hollow rumbling caves.

Round the dark windows clasping ivy clings,  
Twines round the porch, and in the sea-breeze swings ;  
Its green leaves rustle :—heavy winds arise :  
The low cells echo, and the dark hall sighs.  
Now Fancy sees th' ideal canvass stretch'd,  
And o'er the lines that Truth has dimly sketch'd,  
Dashes with hurried hand the shapes that fly  
Hurtled along before her phrenzied eye.  
The scudding cloud that drives along the coast,  
Becomes the drapery of a warrior's ghost,  
Who sails serenely in his gloomy pall,  
O'er Morven's woods and Tura's mouldering wall,  
To join the feast of shells, in Odin's misty hall.  
Is that some demon's shriek, so loud and shrill,  
Whose flapping robes sweep o'er the stormy hill ?  
No—'tis the mountain blast, that nightly rages,  
Around those walls, gray with the moss of ages.

Is that a lamp sepulchral, whose pale light  
Shines in yon vault, before a spectre white ?  
No :—'tis a glow-worm, burning greenly there,  
Or meteor, swimming slowly on the air.  
What mighty organ swells its deepest tone,  
And sighing heaves a low, funereal moan,  
That murmurs through the cemetery's glooms,  
And throws a deadlier horror round its tombs ?  
Sure, some dread spirit o'er the keys presides !  
The same that lifts these darkly thundering tides ;  
Or, homeless, shivers o'er an unclosed grave ;  
Or shrieking, off at sea, bestrides the white-maned  
wave.

Yes !—'tis some Spirit that those skies deforms,  
And wraps in billowy clouds that hill of storms.  
Yes :—'tis a Spirit in those vaults that dwells,  
Illumes that hall, and murmurs in those cells.  
Yes :—'tis *some* Spirit on the blast that rides,  
And wakes the eternal tumult of the tides.  
*That* Spirit broke the poet's morning dream,  
Led him o'er woody hill and babbling stream,  
Lur'd his young foot to every vale that rung,  
And charm'd his ear in every bird that sung ;  
With various concerts cheer'd his hours of light,  
But kept the mightiest in reserve till night ;



Then, thron'd in darkness, peal'd that wildest air,  
Froze his whole soul and chain'd the listener there.

That Mighty Spirit once from Teman came :  
Clouds were his chariot, and his coursers flame.<sup>17</sup>  
Bow'd the perpetual hills :—the rivers fled :—  
Green Ocean trembled to his deepest bed :—  
Earth shrunk aghast,—eternal mountains burn'd,  
And his red axle thunder'd as it turn'd.

O ! Thou Dread Spirit ! Being's End and Source !  
O ! check thy chariot in its fervid course.  
Bend from thy throne of darkness and of fire,  
And with one smile immortalize our lyre.  
Amid the cloudy lustre of thy throne,  
Though wreathy tubes, unheard on earth, are blown,  
Swelling one ceaseless song of praise to thee,  
Eternal Author of Eternity !  
Still hast thou stoop'd to hear a shepherd play,  
To prompt his measures, and approve his lay.  
Hast thou grown old, Thou, who for ever livest !  
Hast thou forgotten, Thou, who memory givest !  
How, on the day thine ark, with loud acclaim,  
From Zion's hill to Mount Moriah came,  
Beneath the wings of Cherubim to rest,  
In a rich vail of Tyrian purple drest ;

When harps and cymbals join'd in echoing clang,  
When psalteries tinkled, and when trumpets rang,  
And white rob'd Levites round thine altar sang !  
Thou didst descend, and, rolling through the crowd,  
Inshrine thine ark and altar in thy shroud,  
And fill the temple with thy mantling cloud.<sup>18</sup>  
And now, Almighty Father, well we know,  
When humble strains from grateful bosoms flow,  
Those humble strains grow richer as they rise,  
And shed a balmier freshness on the skies.

What though no Cherubim are here display'd,  
No gilded walls, no cedar colonnade,  
No crimson curtains hang around our quire,  
Wrought by the ingenious artisan of Tyre ;  
No doors of fir on golden hinges turn ;  
No spicy gums in golden censers burn ;  
No frankincense, in rising volumes, shrouds  
The fretted roof in aromatick clouds ;  
No royal minstrel, from his ivory throne,  
Gives thee his father's numbers or his own ;—  
If humble love, if gratitude inspire,  
Our strain shall silence even the temple's quire,  
And rival Michael's trump, nor yield to Gabriel's  
lyre.

In what rich harmony, what polished lays,  
Should man address thy throne, when Nature pays  
Her wild, her tuneful tribute to the sky !  
Yes, Lord, she sings thee, but she knows not why.  
The fountain's gush, the long resounding shore,  
The zephyr's whisper, and the tempest's roar,  
The rustling leaf, in autumn's fading woods,  
The wintry storm, the rush of vernal floods,  
The summer bower, by cooling breezes fann'd,  
The torrent's fall, by dancing rainbows spann'd,  
The streamlet, gurgling through its rocky glen,  
The long grass, sighing o'er the graves of men,  
The bird that crests yon dew-bespangled tree,  
Shakes his bright plumes, and trills his descant free,  
The scorching bolt, that from thine armoury hurl'd,  
Burns its red path, and cleaves a shrinking world ;  
All these are musick to Religion's ear :—  
Musick, thy hand awakes, for man to hear,  
Thy hand invested in their azure robes,  
Thy breath made buoyant yonder circling globes,  
That bound and blaze along the elastick wires,  
That viewless vibrate on celestial lyres,  
And in that high and radiant concave tremble,  
Beneath whose dome adoring hosts assemble,



To catch the notes, from those bright spheres that  
flow,

Which mortals dream of, but which angels know.

Before thy throne, three sister Graces kneel ;  
Their holy influence let our bosoms feel !  
FAITH, that with smiles lights up our dying eyes ;  
HOPE, that directs them to the opening skies ;  
And CHARITY, the loveliest of the three,  
That can assimilate a worm to thee.  
For her our organ breathes ; to her we pay  
The heart-felt homage of an humble lay ;  
And while to her symphonious chords we string,  
And Silence listens while to her we sing,  
While round thine altar swells our evening song,  
And vaulted roofs the dying notes prolong,  
The strain we pour to her, wilt thou approve,  
For LOVE is CHARITY, and THOU art LOVE.



